

History of James William Carlile

Written by a daughter Orel C. Kuhni as told to her by her father.

My father, James Carlile, was the son of Robert and Christina Spouncer Carlile. He was born Jan 31, 1829 at Mission, England. He came to Utah with his parents in 1852 with the Captain Jolley company. He married my mother, Emily Ann Giles on Oct. 31, 1857. She was the daughter of William and Sarah Huskinsen Giles, both of Sturleg, England. She was born June 6, 1837 and to them were born six children: Sarah Ann, Evalina Christina, James William, Emily Jane, Charles Robert, and Mary Elizabeth.

When father first came to Utah, he located in Spanish Fork where he resided for several years, moving to Heber in 1859. He was an Indian War veteran and he gave me the gun he used in that war. It was a cap and ball muzzle six shooter. I later gave it to my eldest son, Edward, who still has it.

I was bon on Oct. 14, 1865, in the Carlile home on 3rd West and 1st No. street, the third child in a family of six. Our home had 3 rooms and was made of logs.

My first recollection of boyhood playmates were: Joseph A. Rasband, Thomas H. Crook, William S. McNaughton, and J. W. Giles. My first schooling was in the lower school house on 3rd No. and 2nd W. street, a one room rock building. All classes were held in this one room. The grades then were called primer, and went from 1st to fifth primer. My first teacher was Eliza Smith. Some others were Henry Clegg, Kezia Carrol, Thomas Hicken and William Buys. I went two winters to "Sleepy Hollow" a new building on 3rd So. and 2nd W. It was built of sandstone and it too had one room. The end of my schooling was one year of high school known then as sixth reader. It was held in the Old Hall located where the Anderson Implement now stands.

I was baptized by Robert Baird Sept. 13, 1874 in spring creek west of town, and the confirmation followed immediately. Elisha Jones performed the ordinance.

I loved sports of all kinds, was very nimble, a good runner and loved to ice skate, this was the chief winter sport. Large bon fires were built and the boys would swipe poles from fences to keep it burning. We would play "steal sticks" and "pomp pull away" on the ice.

I was considered a very good skater.

All my life I have been interested in building things, as little bob sleighs and farm implements, even now, if anything goes wrong with any toy of my grand-children they say, "Grandpa can fix it" and he usually does.

I never remember attending primary but always went to Sunday School. It was held at ten o'clock and sacrament meeting at 2 P.M. A boy used to be re-baptized when he took office of deacon. I remember going ward teaching in the evening with Alfonzo McMullin as a companion.

I worked on the farm with father, but earned a little spending money by doing odd jobs such as mowing hay, cutting grain and plowing. Father gave me a little bay mare I called her Pet. Then I traded a cow for a horse and had my first team. I used to feel mighty proud though, when father would loan me his gray team and the cutter (a small one seated sleigh). It took a good team to out run the "greys" and many winter afternoons were spent sleigh riding.

My first job away from home was at the old Morgan Mine in Park City. Our wages were \$3.00 a day with team. I was saving my money to buy lumber for a house I was building. I was at this time keeping company with a Miss Lettie Cliff of Midway.

Our social life was made up of dances and house parties. We thought the music could not be beat. It consisted of three pieces, an accordian, dulcimer (a small organ) and a violin.

In the fall of 1889, I started to work with my sister Lena's husband Charles Hurdsmen on the threshing machine, as driver on a horse power run by 10 horses. While threshing out in Daniel at the home of John Bell we were called in to dinner. I was very attracted by a pretty little girl that was working there. I purposely left my gloves on the window sill as we left so that I could return for them later, in order to see her again. She was wiping dishes near the door when I went back and gave me a sweet smile. Afternoon I was planning on how I was going to meet her again, for I knew she was the girl for me. Later while Chas. Walquist and I were tending our horses we saw Miss Buys and a girl friend leave the house and start down the road. Charles called "Hold on girls and we'll walk with you". I hurried out and left him to close the gate. I was afraid if he got there first, he would take Lizzie. From then on we kept steady company.

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I worked with Hurdsman until 1891 when I started on the Giles company machine. I remained with them until 1897.

Mother died Mar. 8, 1891, leaving father, myself, sister Jane and brother Charles.

Jane was married to Geroge Barzee Sept. 20, 1891. I married Sarah Elizabeth Buys two months later, Nov. 25, 1891, in the Logan Temple. Nephi Forman and Lizzie's sister Amanda, took my team and sleigh and drove us to Park City where we stayed over night with a cousin of min, then took the morning train to Logan. We were married by Merrell W. Merrell. We stayed overnight at the home of a friend of my fòlks and the following morning boarded a train for home. We sailed along very nicely until we got just this side of Ogden, where we developed engine trouble. This made us miss our train in Echo. We contented ourselves by having a turkey dinner while awaiting the next train, arriving in Park City at eight o'clock where Bro. Charles and Aaron Eastwood gave us a very fast ride to Heber arriving at eleven p.m. Our wedding supper had been set for six, so most of the guests had gone, but we enjoyed the rest of the evening with the ones that remained.

We lived in two rooms of fathers house from Nov. to the last of April. He had married Eliza Durnell. She was loved by the entire family.

On warm days through the winter, my young wife and I would go over and nail a few lath on the home I had started. When spring came we had the rooms all ready for plastering. We moved in the middle of May. Brother Charles came and made his home with us. He and I were hauling milk from Heber to Charleston creamery. I had previously purchased the piece of property where the fair grounds now stands, and I gave this to Charles as a wedding present when he married Amelia Snow on Sept. 8, 1897.

In 1899 my brother-in-law George Daybell urged me to come to Charleston and operate the creamery. So I moved my wife and three little girls (Leciā, Viva and Clara) to Charleston. George had just built him a new home, so we moved into his old home. My wages were \$50 a month. I then purchased four acres of ground on Main Street and father Buys and I started building us a four room home. He would

work and I would help in the evenings and week ends. By fall, we were able to move in.

The average butter making was around 300 pounds per day, and sometimes 450 lbs. As the little girls grew older, they used to like to come down and wrap butter and set curd (a soft cheese), but whenever Edward was missing, we could find him in the salt barrel. He always had an appetite for salt.

While living in Charleston, I organized a baseball team. We called ourselves "The Anchors". Our suits were navy blue with a white anchor on the back of the shirts. We played several seasons, exchanging games throughout the county. I always enjoyed the company of young people, always had a group of youngsters around me.

Our ward house was not yet paid for so, when the Bishopric came for donations, I gave \$25.00, which was half a months wages. *50¢/Month*

I was the only barber in town, so most of my evenings were spent in my little one room shop. A hair cut was 35¢ and a shave was 25¢.

One day I went to Heber and while there I bought a new surry (a light four wheeled carriage, with two separate seats, having a fringed hard top) as a surprise for the family. Then I called for my wife's folks, who drove home with me. My I was proud, just like owning a new car today. My wife was sure surprised and the children were delighted. I had remodeled the buggy as the children grew and added a small seat on the back for the little girls. Many times we had to stop along the prairie between Charleston and Heber to let them pick wild flowers (especially Viva) which grew abundantly before the ground was cultivated.

In 1905 I bought in on a J. I. Case threshing machine with Franklin Giles. We charged 8 bu. on the hundred and made money doing work all over the valley.

When the creamery changed hands in 1907, we moved back to our home in Heber. Three more had been added to the family -- William Walter, James Edward and Orel May. Charleston had been our home for nine years, so we left many dear friends. That fall I bought a binder and did work for other farmers, running my own land of 14 acres. The children used to like to go to the field with me when I was mowing hay. I can see them now, hanging onto the back of the seat, dragging their feet. They would hang on as long as they could, then drop, each taking a turn. Many times Lizzie would pack a lunch for the children to spend the day in the field with me.

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Father and I had added two more rooms to the house. It was ready to move into by the time our new baby came. We named her Gladys Jane.

I worked some time for A. Hatch and Co., hauling freight. The store is now known as Heber Exchange.

On May 9, 1916, I was hired by Beesley Marble and Granite Works to load a ton and a half rock onto a flat car at the Heber Depot. It was nine thirty in the morning and the two boys were with me. We had the rock almost loaded, when the chain broke, letting the rock bounce back crushing me between it and some sandstones behind me. It seemed like the boys knew just what to do. Walter stayed with me and hailed a passing auto, while Eddie ran home to tell mother. I was never unconcious one moment from the time I was hit until I arrived home. There were no hospitals at that time in Heber, but Dr. Ray Hatch and Dr. Russell Wherritt both came. Both agreed it would just be a matter of hours. My back was broken and nine ribs on either side of my spine. My face was mashed and the roof of my mouth quartered, one ankle broken and my chest badly crushed. Six men helped straighten my back. Sheriff Homer Fraughton (Stella's grandfather) was one of them. I remember him saying, "This will be the end". When I regained consciousness I said to him "No, Homer, I am not going to die. I may even live longer than you". And I did, by many years. For nine weeks I had nothing but liquids, foods strained through a thin cloth and given to me in a little bottle with a long neck. Sister Jane and Sarah Ann were in attendance constantly with my kind, faithful wife, who never left my side except for brief periods of rest forced on her by the girls. This ordeal was surely a test of faith and courage on the part of my dear wife and my family. Prayer was constant in the home and the Elders were called often. Our religion had always meant much to Lizzie and me, and doubley so now, for we knew that without Gods help, I would never live.

My brother-in-law George Barzee made a long padded board with hinges in the center which was slipped under me. Each day I was raised a little bit and after many months I was able to sit.

About a year later a Dr. DeGarmo (Chiropractor) came to Heber to practice and we engaged him for treatment. Up to this time my left arm had been inactive, but as time went on and with his help, I was able to use it.

One day, in 1923, Scott Murdock came down to see me. He had a old clock with him. "Will, why don't you fix this for mr?" he said. "Why, Scott, I never looked inside a clock in my life" I replied. "Well, try it anyway and if you can't, we'll just throw it away". It just seemed to come as a gift, and I made the clock run. From that day on I built up a good business repairing clocks. Abe Hatch and Joe Hilton gave me my first electric grinder and I began sharpening saws and scissors. The grandchildren often came to Grandpa with broken toys and I was always able to fix them.

On Nov. 30, 1941, Mother and I celebrated our Golden Wedding Anniversary. At noon a family dinner was served over at Fred and Orel's home. During the rest of the day over 300 relatives and friends called on us. Mother and I still reminisce over the joys of that day, for it was made complete by the presence of all our children and their families. How, more, could God bless a man's life than to give him a loving, faithful wife, and enrich it with seven kind and obedient children.

During this second world war, eight of our grandsons have been in uniform, four of them in overseas heavy combat duty. How blessed we have been, for today they are all home and none with an injury. They were all very thoughtful of their grandparents while away, each wrote us many loving letters.

For several years the children who live in Salt Lake have looked forward to a visit from Mother and I at least once a year. One or the other usually come for us, and we spend a few days with each. At this writing, it is spring of 1946, my health is not so good, so I guess we will not make the trip in the city this year. The children from there spend week ends with us, and the ones here run in often through the day. I will let my daughter Orel finish this history.

Father's health grew steadily worse and he did not complain much, although we knew at times he was in pain. On the morning of July 18, 1946, he wanted all the children home. By 3:30 in the afternoon they had all arrived. As each came, he talked to them lovingly and rationally, but by 5 o'clock had lost consciousness. During the evening hours every one of the family had seen the power of prayer manifest and each had a stronger testimony of the gospel. Father

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passed away quietly at 3:05 A.M. on July 19, 1946. He was buried on July 21st in the family plot in the East section of the Heber Cemetery.

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In these few pages , I want to tell of some of the instances and things that stand out in my mind as happy memories of childhood. I recall very little of Father before his accident. I remember once he took me up to the Heber Merc and bought me a new pair of shoes. They were black leather with patent toes and tops. They buttoned up the side, a little fancy tassel hung down the front. I must have been real young for I sat on his lap while we tried them on.

Every fall Mother made soap on a bon fire out in the back yard. It seemed to take hours, and smelled horrid. But the soap was real good. It was made of grease drippings she had saved over the year. We used it to wash our hair also. No such thing as hair shampoo , you know. Mother used to save rain water to wash our hair in. It made it so soft, We all had beautiful hair.

I must say something about the "privy". It stood behind the house in the west corner of the lot. The girls took turns on sat. scrubbing the floor and the double hole seat. Father used to put the ashes from the coal stoves, down the holes to keep it clean smelling. (No indoor plumbing you know.)

I was very young, but remember the well, just outside the front door, on the east side of the walk. Two buckets hung on a long rope over a pulley. when one bucket went down the other came up full. It was delicious , cold and clear. Then later a hydrant was put in near the back door. The well was then filled in and covered with a large sandstone. Can you imagine, carrying all the water for washing , bathing, drinking, from the well or hydrant?. I remember one time, Clara went out on a cold winter day, and leaned over for a drink. Her tongue stuck to the icy metal. when she tried to get loose, some of the skin stuck to it. We soon learned not to drink from the icy hydrant.

The washing was done in a round tub, on a "washboard". The clothes were rubbed up and down on this board, with the soap mother had made, and then put into a copper bottomed boiler on top of the coal range. the boiling made them whiter. I used to hate wash days . It seemed like it took all day, and the boiling water smelled of the lye soap. We were happy when we got the new washer.

In the summer it stood out back of the house. The water had to be heated indoors and then carried out, but it was still better than the "washboard". The washer was made of wood, with a handle on the outside, that turned the agitator. The kids used to take turns pushing and pulling the thing. Then the clothes were hung on long "clothes lines" in the back yard to dry.

Meal time was something to remember of our home. I have often wondered how my parents did it, with so little means, but mother always seemed to have good meals. At breakfast we knelt at our chairs around the large round table, and Prayer was said. At all meals we took turns saying the blessing. We were taught to say our prayers at night.

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Each fall we looked forward to the day Mr. Hanson came to kill the pig.

We never watched him shoot it . But it was fun to see him clean it. It was first hung up on a rope, through a pulley, and dipped up and down in boiling water. Then he would scrape untill it was white and clean. He always gave the boys the bladder , which they would blow up with the bicycle pump. Then when it was dry it made a great foot ball . Lasted quite a while too.

There was a room under the house called the "cellar". In it was kept all the food that had to be kept cool. No such thing as refridgeration. The walls were rocked up but the floor was dirt. The meat was cured and kept in barrels. Potatoes, carrots, onions and other vegitables had a bin of their own. Every thing had to be off the floop, ~~Sometimes~~ ^{Spring} the summer, we would have to put boots on to go down. The bottled fruit was kept on shelves built on the wall. The milk was kept in large round pans on a table, covered with a dish towel. Thick rich cream would form on it , then mother would strain the cream off and churn it into butter. Many steps were made in a day, down the curved stairway in a day.

We always looked forward to one good sleigh riding party in winter.

Even long after we were married. Ed would hitch up the team, with the big bells over the horses shoulders, hook onto the bob-sleigh, and drive around to the front gate. Some of us would ride the runners and some on coaster sleds hooked onto the back. Some who were 'chicken' just cuddled up in the sleigh, under heavy quilts, with a hot brick at their feet. Many times the small coasters would tip over, as Ed made a quick corner (purposly). Mama (that was what we called our mother) always had something hot waiting for us when we ^{came} ~~get~~ home.